

# The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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vance. All Job Work must be paid for when delivered.

From the Banner of the Union,  
The Type-Setter.

## A SONG OF THE PRESS.

Written upon hearing a friend called "talented for a  
type-setter."

"A more type-setter!"--fill a man  
The world, perchance, may yet revere;  
Unknown, unnoted, one who can  
Have taught to hope and taught to fear.  
Yet, where's the kindly esoptror hand,  
The brow that bears a princely grand,  
That wields so well a wide command--  
Whose "smack" may match a diadem?  
"A more type-setter!"--Let us see,  
Who gave the glorious stripes to us  
That mark the banners of the free,  
And bound the stars that glimmer there?  
Who turned the bolt of heaven aside,  
And conquered its ethereal fire?  
Who bade the lightning harmless glide  
Along his magic wand of wire?  
"A more type-setter!"--search the past,  
The record of each battle-field;  
Who called our colors to the mast,  
And died because they would not yield?  
Who taught our hand to strike the blow,  
Through toil and danger, and distress,  
That severed England's chains of woe--  
Who but the masters of the Press?

"A more type-setter!"--Name of far,  
To bid the slave to freedom wake--  
That tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And old oppression's empire shake!  
Is Franklin a forgotten name,  
That man no longer may revere?  
Has Freedom lost his soul of power,  
Or freely dropped his power of fear?

"A more type-setter!"--Honored name,  
That ages yet unborn shall bless,  
When comes the time, and then his fame  
Has sunk in worse than nothingness,  
Show me the man whose name is dear  
To the "more type-setter's" humble school,  
And I'll show you an eye of pride,  
A brainless, or a dandy fool.

## No such Word as Fail.

### "EXCELLENCE."

[From the November number of the Literary and  
Dramatic Society's Magazine.]

Ho! the toiler of the moody brow!  
Ho! youth of downcast eye!  
Why should'st thou talk of sinking now,  
Why heave that bitter sigh?  
Come coin thy thoughts in hope's bright mould,  
And light that dusk to pale;  
For youth like thee, so young and bold,  
There's no such word as fail!

Art, crossed in love! Let beauty frown;  
Turn thou to avarice game;  
Turn to the virtuous deed's reward,  
And earn a destined name.  
Turn to the waste of medicine men;  
Hoist up a daring sail;  
And if thou stumbl'st try again--  
There's no such word as fail!

The Spanish voyager crossed the sea  
To seek another world;  
And seeking in despondency,  
His weary sails he furled.  
But, taking heart, he rounded on,  
Till land-birds filled the gale;  
Columbus saw his way was done--  
There's no such word as fail!

Thousands who rose from want and gloom  
Are now in grandeur laid,  
With steeled marble o'er their tents,  
In many a minister's shade;  
Whilst noble youths with bearded heads  
Think, as the lower they fall,  
And learn the glories of the dead--  
There's no such word as fail!

And then, oh, youth of moody look,  
Cheer up thy sinking heart!  
Try a new leaf in life's worn book,  
Conquer a better part,  
A mocking devil lide thee far,  
But turn and cry--all hail!  
And shout into his aching ear--  
There's no such word as fail!

ATTORNEY'S WIT. A. G. W. the friend of the  
Tory Statesmen in the British House of Lords  
while speaking on a certain bill under discussion,  
happened to say that he had prophesied last  
winter this bill would be attempted in the present  
session, and he now was sorry to find he had  
proved a true prophet. Lord Campbell, who  
spoke after Attorney, and always spoke in a  
passion, desired the House to remark that one of  
the Right-Handed had set himself forth as a  
prophet, but for his part, he did not know what  
prophet to look him to, unless that famous prophet  
Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass--  
Attorney, in reply, with great wit and eloquence  
exposed this rude attack, concluding thus--  
"Since the noble lord has discovered in our man-  
ners such similitude, I am well content to be  
compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords,  
I am at a loss how to make out the other part  
of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reproved  
by nobody but his lordship--King's Memoirs.

## A CARD.

Since the fact had been made known through  
the public prints of the country, that I should  
consider in my duty to supply, by executive ap-  
pointment, the vacancy expected to arise in the  
Senatorial representation of the State of Missis-  
sippi in the Congress of the Union by the ex-  
piration of the term of Senator Brooks, I dis-  
cover that some doubt has been expressed, in sev-  
eral quarters, touching my power thus to proceed.  
I have no complaint whatever to make on ac-  
count of the misunderstanding to which I have been  
subjected in connection with this affair, nor am I  
at all inclined to enter upon a discussion of the  
grave question involved in this case, in a merely  
controversial spirit. It has never been my expec-  
tation, as a public man, to enjoy the uniform  
and universal approval of every man, nor of every  
friend; still less have I supposed it possible, by  
any exercise of discretion of which I might feel  
myself capable, altogether to avoid the condemnation  
of such as, from the operation of various causes,  
may be more or less predisposed to mis-  
judge my motives and actions. In general, I  
have been content to make sure of the approbation  
of my own conscience, relying implicitly  
upon the good sense and sound virtue of the people  
for ultimate justice. It is Mr. Burke, I  
think, who has so finely said "the very attempt  
towards pleasing every body, discovers a temper  
always fawning, and often false and insincere;"  
and the short statement which is about to be sub-  
mitted for the consideration of my fellow-citizens,  
does not even aim to satisfy the minds of any,  
save those who really prefer truth to error, and  
who derive more pleasure from the bestowing  
of deserved commendation on such as intend well,  
than they do from the infliction of merited censures,  
even upon those whose multiplied and aggravated  
faults seem most loudly to call for this species  
of punishment.

I am of opinion, that, as the Governor of the  
State of Mississippi, it will be proper for me to  
appoint a United States Senator, upon the 4th  
day of March next, for reasons which I will pre-  
sently proceed to state. Before I do so, though,  
I feel bound frankly to admit, that, until with-  
in a few months past, I continued to entertain  
what seems to be a common impression at present,  
that no power of appointment would exist  
in such a case as the one under consideration.  
Nor was it until I had thoroughly investigated  
the subject, in all its important bearings, that I  
was constrained to come to a different conclusion.  
The change of the constitution of the United  
States, which regulates both the election and ap-  
pointment of Senators, is known as section III,  
article I, of that instrument, and reads as fol-  
lows:

"The Senate of the United States shall be  
composed of two Senators from each State, chosen  
by the Legislature thereof, for six years; and  
each Senator shall have one vote. Immediately  
after they shall be assembled, in consequence of  
the first election, they shall be divided, as equally  
as may be, into three classes. The Senate of  
the first class shall be vacated at the expiration  
of the second year; of the second class, at the  
expiration of the fourth year; and of the third  
class, at the expiration of the sixth year; so that  
one third may be chosen every second year; and  
if vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise,  
during the recess of the Legislature of any State,  
the Executive thereof may make temporary ap-  
pointments until the next meeting of the Legisla-  
ture, which shall then fill such vacancies."

So far as the constitution is concerned, apart  
from all authority, the question in dispute would  
seem to me to be not at all difficult of solution.  
Plain language would scarcely be imagined than  
the following: "If vacancies happen, by resig-  
nation or otherwise, during the recess of the Leg-  
islature of any State, the Executive thereof may  
make temporary appointments until the next meet-  
ing of the Legislature, which shall then fill  
such vacancies." An appointment of Senator,  
made on the next fourth of March, it is obvious,  
will be made during the recess of the Legislature  
of this State; it is equally plain that such ap-  
pointment will be made after the vacancy shall  
have arisen, which is expected to occur by the  
expiration of Senator Brooks' term of office--  
Such Executive appointment, also, will be in its  
nature necessarily temporary. Indeed, it may be  
forcibly argued, that, unless the vacancy which  
will happen on the 4th of March next, be one  
capable of being supplied by Executive appoint-  
ment, even the next Legislature will not be au-  
thorized to elect a Senator; the words, "such  
vacancies," in the latter part of the clause of the  
constitution cited, having manifest reference to  
vacancies which may happen by resignation or  
otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature.  
If so, such vacancy as will justify the exercise of  
the Executive appointing power will arise on the  
fourth of March next, then it is most clear that  
no such vacancy will be found existing on the  
first day of the next meeting of the Legislature,  
since the constitution evidently does not recognize  
even the possibility that any intermediate ex-  
ercise will arise; the effect of which is to be the  
creation of a vacancy upon some particular day  
between the said fourth day of March and the  
 ensuing January, so as to leave a new field  
for Legislative interposition. So much for the  
constitution.

I next assume the position, that no decision  
of this question adverse to the view here stated  
has ever been rendered by the United States Sen-  
ate. I do not pretend to be more thoroughly  
versed in the learning of Senatorial precedents,  
than others; nor will I assert that those who so  
positively deny the existence of the power of ap-  
pointment which I claim, may not be able to ex-  
plain which I have not been so fortunate as to  
find; but I do most solemnly aver that I have  
looked carefully through the whole history of the  
Senate as a Legislative body, from the founda-  
tion of the Government up to the present date,  
without being able to meet with a single prece-  
dent, which properly construed, is not of a na-  
ture to justify the exercise of the appointing  
power in the mode suggested. I have several  
times seen it confidently declared that such pre-  
cedents are to be found; and doubtless those who  
thus assert, believe the statement to be true; but  
I beg respectfully to intimate that mere as-  
sertion in regard to so grave a matter, how-  
ever dogmatically put forth, is not exactly equiv-  
alent to solid proof--nor conjecture, however  
plausibly presented, to substantial reality, and  
good people of Mississippi will, if I know any-

thing at all of their attributes, demand some-  
thing far stronger than mere flippant assertion  
to satisfy them that they are, in their sovereign ca-  
pacity, only entitled to a single Senatorial rep-  
resentation in Congress from the fourth of March  
next up to the beginning of another year, and  
even for several weeks thereafter.

The fact is, that the notion now prevalent on  
this subject, could never have obtained the least  
currency had it not been so uniformly the practice  
of late years, of all our State Legislatures to an-  
ticipate the arising of such vacancies as that  
which will occur next March, by the election of  
a new Senator in advance of the prospective va-  
cancy. So seldom do vacancies now happen,  
by the mere expiration of a Senatorial term  
without having been provided for beforehand by  
Legislative election, that our citizens seem al-  
most to have forgotten that this duty may, by  
possibility, be sometimes neglected.

I take the ground, finally, that, so far as Sen-  
atorial precedents are concerned, they are all of a  
character favorable to the exercise of the power  
of appointment suggested. It would be quite  
easy to cite numerous cases strictly analogous to  
that with which the Executive of this State will  
have to deal on the fourth day of March next,  
and to show that in each one of them, the action  
of the Senate has been such as to affirm the  
right of appointment. I shall content myself on  
this occasion with bringing forward a few of  
these cases only, and I shall respectfully ask for  
them an unprejudiced consideration. In the  
year 1834, a work was published, under the au-  
thorship of the national Legislature, entitled--  
"CASES OF CONTESTED ELECTIONS, FROM THE  
YEAR 1789 TO 1834, INCLUSIVE." I quote the  
precise words of the volume referred to as fol-  
lows:

1. "William Cooke of Tennessee, produced  
his credentials of appointment by the Governor  
and on the 15th of May, 1797, took his seat."  
2. "On the fourth of March, 1801, Uriah Tracy  
of Connecticut, having presented, under ap-  
pointment by the Governor and Council of the  
said State, exception was taken to the credentials,  
and a debate ensued thereon; but on motion that  
he be permitted to take the oath required by the  
constitution, it passed in the affirmative--Year  
18, page 10.

"And the oath was accordingly administered  
to Mr. Tracy by the Vice President."  
3. "William Hindman, of Maryland, appointed  
by the Governor, appeared on the 5th of  
March 1801, and took his seat."  
4. "Joseph Anderson, of Tennessee, his term  
having expired, was reappointed by the Gov-  
ernor, and took his seat on the fourth of March  
1802."  
5. "Samuel Smith, of Maryland, appointed in  
the same manner, took his seat on the same day."

I will no further multiply cases, either now or  
hereafter, as it would be easy to do unless some  
inverse deviation can be produced, which I hold to  
be next to impossible. The only decision which  
can ever be tortured by ingenuity into an opposi-  
tion authority, is that which was rendered in the  
case of Mr. Lammie, of Connecticut, in the year  
1829; but even this one, when properly consid-  
ered, will be found not at all to conflict with the  
intermediate cases. The report of the Senatorial  
committee, in the case of Mr. Lammie, recites:

"That Mr. Lammie's term of service in the Senate  
expired on the third of March; on the fourth he  
presented to the Senate a certificate, regularly and  
properly authenticated, from Oliver Wolcott, Governor  
of the State of Connecticut, setting forth that the Presi-  
dent of the U. S. had directed the Senate to convene on  
the 15th day of March, and had issued official notice  
of that fact to be communicated to him."

"The certificate of appointment is dated the 27th  
of February 1829, subsequent to the time of notification  
to him by the President. The certificate further re-  
cites, that at the time of its execution, the Legislature  
of the State was not in session, and would not be until  
the month of May."

The debate in Mr. Lammie's case shows that the  
question as to his right to the Senatorial seat claimed  
by him, mainly turned upon the fact that his commis-  
sion as Senator, bore date in the month of February,  
and had thus commenced previous to the actual happen-  
ing of the vacancy, which really occurred in the month  
of March following. Upon this ground alone, it was  
decided that Mr. Lammie was not entitled to the seat  
claimed by him, by a vote of 24 to 18. The opinion of  
Mr. Lammie's case, as reported in the volume of "con-  
tested elections," is as follows:

"It is not competent for the executive of a State, in  
the recess of a Legislature, to appoint a Senator to fill  
a vacancy which shall happen--but not yet happen--  
Some such appears to be the ground of decision in  
this case, but whether the report, or the action of the  
Senate on it, decisively fully the reasons of the de-  
cision."

Such is the state of the authorities upon the point  
under consideration; from a decent respect for which  
precedents, and a regard to the rights of my fellow-citizens,  
I have deemed it my duty to see that an argument of  
a new Senator should be made on the 4th of March next,  
to supply the vacancy which will then arise, and which  
has unfortunately not been provided for. For by the con-  
stitutional legislative action.

Such are the points which have influenced my con-  
duct in this delicate and important affair, and I cheer-  
fully submit them to my fellow-citizens, to receive their  
or their approbation or their condemnation.

H. S. FOOTE.

Jackson, December 25, 1852.

THE CONFIDENTIAL FUND. A newspaper rum-  
or, that Senator Soule entertains the design of  
proposing to intrust \$10,000,000 to the incoming  
administration, for the purpose of enabling it  
to meet any extraordinary exigencies that  
might arise in the foreign relations of the coun-  
try during the recess of Congress, has been the  
occasion of some malicious criticism with the  
whig press. A news paper rumor is a very frail  
base for an assault upon an administration leav-  
ing it exists. But though the rumor were true  
--and we do not wish to be understood as mean-  
ing to discredit it--we imagine there is nothing  
in the proposed measure to justify the reproach  
of the whig press. The measure is not without re-  
peated precedent; and surely if at any period it  
was necessary and proper, it is demanded by the  
present crisis of doubt and difficulty in the  
foreign relations of the country. It is impossible  
to foresee what momentous national exigencies may  
arise within the next twelve months, unmet and  
threatening in the aspect of the political world.  
It cannot be contended that the country has  
willingly to intrust the disposition of such a sum  
to the discretion of General Fremont, after the ex-  
traordinary vote of confidence given him by the  
people on the second of last November. Wash-  
ington Union.

A Rev. Mr. Cummings, of Concord, N. H.,  
has issued a parcel of flaming handbills announc-  
ing the end of all schismatic things in 1854. He  
finds a number of deluded followers.

## A Thrilling Narrative.

James Morgan was a native of Maryland, mar-  
ried at an early age, and soon after settled near  
Harris Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like  
most of the sons of the West, he had cut down  
most of the cane, built a cabin, deeded the  
thicket, enclosed a field with a worn fence, and  
planted some corn. It was on the 17th of Au-  
gust, 1782. The Sun had descended; a pleasant  
breeze was playing through the surrounding  
wood, the cane bowed under its influence, and  
the broad leaves of corn waved in the air.

Morgan had seated himself in the door of his  
cabin, with his infant on his knee. The young  
and happy wife had laid aside her spinning  
wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the  
frugal meal. That afternoon, by accident, he  
found a bundle of letters which he had hidden  
in the wall of his cabin, before he had taken his seat  
in the door. It was a correspondence in which  
they acknowledged an early and recent attack  
from each other, and the personal left evident  
traces of joy in the faces of both the little in-  
fant, too, seemed in partake of its parents' feelings,  
by cheerful smiles, playful humor, and in-  
fantile caresses. While thus agreeably employ-  
ed, the report of a rifle was heard, another fol-  
lowed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his  
feet, his wife to the door, and they simultane-  
ously exclaimed--"Indians!"

The door was instantly barred, and the next  
instant their fears were realized by a bold and  
spirited attack of a small party of Indians.

The cabin could not be successfully defended,  
and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave and  
prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act  
of encasing her under the floor, a mother's  
feelings overcame her--she arose, seized the  
infant, but was afraid that her voice would betray  
its place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed  
silently upon it--a momentary struggle between  
duty and affection took place. She once more  
pressed her child to her bosom, and again and  
again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The  
infant started at the profusion of tears that  
fell from its mother's cheeks, looked up in its mother's  
face, threw its little arms around her neck, and  
wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, re-  
lease the child or be lost," said the distressed  
husband, in a soft imploring tone, as he forced  
the infant from his wife, hastily took up his fowls  
and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the  
chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment  
the door was burst open and the savages en-  
tered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in  
a bag and rushed to his back, and then throw-  
ing some cloths from the cabin's roof, he resolutely  
leaped to the ground. He was assailed  
by two Indians. As the first approached he  
knocked him down with the butt end of his gun.  
The other advanced with tomahawk; Morgan let  
fall his gun and closed in.

The savage made a blow, missed, but severed  
the cord that bound the infant to his back and it  
fell. The contest over the child became warm  
and fierce, and was carried on with knives only.  
The robust and athletic Morgan at length put  
the assembly; both were badly cut, and blood freely  
but the white man was better and stronger,  
and the savage fell to the earth in death.  
Morgan hurriedly took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged  
in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of  
the contest in the yard until the one had been  
knocked down and the other was returning to the  
scene of action.

Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued  
and dogged upon his trail. Operated upon by  
all the feelings of a husband and father, he moved  
with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon  
outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close  
pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or  
elude the cunning animal, he turned to the  
left, he halted and waited till it came within  
a few yards of him, fired, brought him to the  
ground. In a short time he reached the house  
of his brother, who resided near Harris Station,  
and the two brothers left for the dwelling. As they  
approached light broke upon his view--his step  
quivered, his face flushed and the most agoniz-  
ing apprehensions crowded upon his mind.

Emerging from the darkness, he beheld his  
house in flames and almost burnt to the ground.  
"My wife," he exclaimed, as he pressed one  
hand to his forehead and grasped the fence with  
the other, to support his tottering frame. He  
gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, ad-  
vanced a few paces, and fell exhausted to the  
earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of heaven  
arose, and still found him seated near the smok-  
ing embers. In his right hand he held a small  
stick, with which he was tracing the name of  
"Eliza" on the ground, and his left hand lay on  
his favorite dog by his side, looking forth on  
the ruins and then on his master with evident signs  
of grief, Morgan arose. The two brothers now  
made search, and found some bones buried to  
ashes, which they gathered and silently con-  
signed to the mother earth, beneath the high spread-  
ing branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by  
the parent and beloved recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged  
in a desperate battle at the lower blue licks--  
The Indians came off victoriously, and the sur-  
viving whites retreated across the lickings pursued  
by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty  
miles.

James Morgan was among the last that crossed  
the river, and was in the rear until the hill was  
descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear  
on the ridge, he felt and saw his wrongs and re-  
collected the lovely object of his affections. He  
urged his horse and pressed to the front. While  
in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received  
a rifle-ball in his thigh, and fell on an Indian  
sprang upon him, seized him by the hair and ap-  
plied the scalping knife. At this moment Mor-  
gan cast up his eyes and recognized the handker-  
chief that bore the head of the savage, and  
knew it to be his wife's. This added renewed  
strength to his body, and increased his activity to  
his mind. He quickly threw his left arm around  
the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him  
to his breast, plunged his knife into his side and  
he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from  
the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak,  
on a elevated piece of ground, a short distance  
from him, and the scene of action shifted, and  
he remained undiscovered and unobserved, an  
anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had,  
after taking all the scalps they could find, left the  
battle-ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of  
the oak; his trunk supported his head. The ragged  
and uneven ground that surrounded him  
was covered with the slain, the once white and  
projecting rocks, bleached by the rain and sun  
of centuries, were crimsoned with blood, that had  
warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the  
soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon oc-  
casionally threw a faint light upon the mangled  
bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud involved  
all in darkness and gave additional terror to the  
feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last ag-  
onies of protracted death, rendered doubly ap-  
pealing by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud  
howl of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes  
of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead  
and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with  
heart-rending sensations and looked forward with  
the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large ferocious looking bear, covered all  
over with blood, now approached him; he threw  
himself on the ground, silently commended his  
soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety, awaited  
his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed  
without noticing him. Morgan raised his head  
and was about to offer his thanks for his unex-  
pected preservation, when the cry of a pack of  
wolves opened upon him and awakened him to a  
sense of danger. He placed his hands over his  
eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited  
his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes;  
steps approached, a cold chill ran over him.  
Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was ac-  
tively employed--death, the most horrible  
anxiety; his limbs would in all probability  
be torn from him and he devoured alive. He  
felt a touch; the vital spark was almost ex-  
tinguished. Another touch more violent than the  
first--and he was turned over.

The cold sweat ran down in torrents--his  
limbs were violently forced from his face. The  
moon, passed from under a cloud--a faint ray  
beamed upon him; his eyes involuntarily opened  
and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarcely aud-  
ible voice exclaimed, "My husband; my hus-  
band!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife that after  
the Indians entered the house they found some  
spirits, of which they drank freely. An alterca-  
tion soon took place; one of them received a mortal  
stab and fell, and the blood ran through the  
floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her  
husband she shrieked aloud and thus betrayed  
the place of her concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The  
party after setting fire to the house, proceeded to  
Bryan's station. On the day of the battle of the  
Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle  
rushed by her, which he knew to be her hus-  
band's.

During the action the prisoners were left un-  
guarded--made their escape, and lay beneath  
some bushes near the bank of the river. After  
the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and  
left the battle-ground, she, with some other per-  
sons, who had crept with her, determined to  
make search for their friends, and if on the field,  
and living to save them if possible, from the  
hands of prey. After searching for sometime,  
and almost despairing of success, she fortunately  
discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgan and his  
wife, and restored them to their friends, their in-  
fant and their home.

## Shooting Hens.

Col. R. and Gen. M. were formerly neighbors  
and had gardens adjoining each other. One plant-  
ing morning in spring, about the time of plant-  
ing Col. R. met his friend, the General, in the  
street, before ever with rage, who addressed him  
after this wise:

"Confound you!--I told you, Colonel, they've  
been in my garden, and scratched the beds every  
which way; I shall have to make them all over  
again, can't you tell them up till autumn!"

"Keep cool, General," said the Colonel. "I  
prefer that my hens should have plenty of sun,  
exercise and food, and I don't believe that  
your garden seeds will hurt them at all. How-  
ever, if they trouble you much shoot 'em."

"I will, by thunder, Colonel," said the still  
more excited General, "I'll do it, I'll do it,  
and turning around on his heel marched  
away, mad as a wild cat."

The next morning as the Colonel was sipping  
his coffee, the family was startled by the "bang,"  
"bang," of fire-arms, the cause of which was  
soon ascertained. The Colonel, on going to the  
division line, looked over and saw Gen. M. in  
the act of double murder. Six fine specimens of  
the "dunghill" fowl were bounding about on the  
ground, unwilling just yet to yield up their gar-  
dens to the gourmand.

"Ah, General! so you are executing your  
threat, are you?"

"To be sure, I told you I'd do it, and I'll be  
d--d if I don't shoot all the rest, if you don't  
shut 'em up. But here, take the thieves critics,  
I don't want 'em; they are too highly seasoned  
with shot for my family."

"Thank you, thank you, Gen. M., just wait a  
day or two before you kill any more until we eat  
these up, and then I've no objection to having  
the rest shot."

Now, Col. R. was rather jealous of his rights,  
and, moreover, as fiery as Mars in his disposition,  
and it was a great mystery to the General how  
he could keep so cool about the matter. The  
sequel will show.

In two or three more fine chickens were thrown  
into the Colonel's garden, and duly taken care of  
by the cook.

At last the General "smelt a rat." His own  
chickens were missing, and the egg basket hung  
on the peg quite empty, to the utter astonish-  
ment of his good wife, who had never known a  
similar occurrence before.

"Col. R." said the General, as they met in the  
street one day, "have I killed all your hens yet?"

"Killed all my hens, General," slowly re-  
peated Col. R. "why, I have not owned a living  
hen these three years."

The General smiled. He had shot and given  
to Col. R. nine of his best layers.

A friend of ours has invented a capital way to  
prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is  
to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over  
for dinner and supper.

## Mills' Equestrian Statue of Jackson.

As was expected, the inauguration ceremony  
of the Statue of Jackson, took place at  
Washington on the 8th inst. From the account  
of the Washington Union, we gather that the  
procession moved in imposing numbers and ad-  
mirable order to Pennsylvania Avenue, and  
thence toward Lafayette Square. Every avail-  
able position along the route was filled with ladies  
and gentlemen--the balconies, and in many in-  
stances the housetops, being filled with specta-  
tors. Ringgold's celebrated battery of flying ar-  
tillery, under the command of Maj. Taylor, led  
the column, and attracted marked attention by  
its precise movements, and by the glorious remi-  
niscences which it awakened. Then came the  
United States Marines, Light Infantry, National  
Greys, Continental Guards, Sharpshooters, Ger-  
man Vagers, and Boone Riflemen. The civil  
procession of the city officers, members of Con-  
gress, the democrats' associations of Washington,  
Georgetown, and Alexandria, with delegations  
from Baltimore, followed. Conspicuous positions  
were allotted to the Commander-in-chief of the  
army and his staff, to the artist whose untiring  
genius had produced the statue, and to the Com-  
mittee of management charged with its erection.  
Proceeding upon Pennsylvania Avenue, the pro-  
cession entered the grounds of the Executive Man-  
sion, passing around the semi-circle in front,  
and saluting the President, who was attended by  
the members of his cabinet, and distinguished offi-  
cers of the army and navy. The military, led by  
Ringgold's battery, then moved around Lafayette  
Square, entering it from the northern gate--the  
civil procession moving down the avenue, and  
entering through the southern gate.

Rev. Clement C. Butler, Chaplain to the Sen-  
ate, opened the ceremonies by prayer. Hon.  
Stephen A. Douglas, was then introduced to the  
multitude, and delivered, in the happiest manner,  
the address which was an admirable sketch of  
the civil and military services of Andrew Jack-  
son, which was free from party allusions, and its  
patriotic sentiments were announced in stirring  
language.

When the orator concluded, Clark Mills, Esq.,  
was introduced. In lieu of words he pointed to  
the veiled statue; the veil was instantly with-  
drawn, and Jackson on his steed, as if in full ac-  
tion, full of life and energy, was revealed. That  
was his speech. Without instruction, without  
instrument or appliances, with but little en-  
couragement, and against the remonstrances and  
hindrances of men of art and men of science  
he had labored for years, and by a gesture, he  
pointed to the result of his labors. The speak-  
er's stand was filled with eminent men--the  
President and his cabinet, Gen. Scott and his  
staff, distinguished senators and representatives--  
and at least twenty thousand of the people oc-  
cupied the square and the house-tops. The bands  
played a salute, and Taylor's battery answered  
with the guns which had done service. The Rev.  
Mr. Gallagher, Chaplain of the House of Repre-  
sentatives, closed the ceremonies. Then the vari-  
ous military companies filed off amidst cheers  
and the music of the bands.

And now the statue stands in Lafayette square.  
American genius has triumphed, and through it  
art has taken a stride before unequalled. The  
Old World owns no self-poised statue. The citi-  
zens of Edinburgh boast that the only part of  
the horse of their colossal statue of Wellington,  
which touches the pedestal, are the hind feet and  
the tail. The horse of the St. Petersburg statue  
of Peter the Great, in addition to the attach-  
ment of the tail, tramples upon a huge serpent  
which serves as a balance. But the noble horse  
that bears Mills' statue of Jackson, stands self-  
poised on his hind feet. We have not seen it in  
bronze, but its model was the perfect outline of a  
living, breathing, full-blooded war horse, that  
moved as if he was proud of his rider.

Already has it been proposed that Mr. Mills  
should at once be engaged on a statue of Wash-  
ington; and already has a Washington poet turned  
his harp to his praises. His first great work has  
made him rich in fame, but left him poor in  
power. We hope that the next may be some  
less of golden opinions, and much more so of  
golden eagles--*Charleston Standard.*

## Later from Tampico.